

# High Germany

Trad

O Pol - ly love, O Pol - -ly, the rout has now be - gun, And  
we must go - - a - march - ing to the beat - ing of the drum Go  
dress your - self all in your best and come al - ong with me I'll  
take you to the cru - el war in high Ger - man - y

1. O Polly, love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,  
& we must go a-marching to the beating of the drum;  
Go dress your-self all in your best and come along with me,  
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany
2. O Harry love, O Harry, you hearken what I say;  
My feet are far too tender, I cannot march away;  
Besides my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,  
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?
3. I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,  
And all my heart's delight shall be a-marching by your side;  
We'll ride o'er moor and mountain high & breathe the air so free,  
And jauntily we'll ride along in High Germany
4. O no, my love, it may not be, I cannot with you ride,  
For I have here my children dear, with them I must abide  
But all my thoughts and many prayers shall be the while with thee  
As though dost fight old England's wars in High Germany
5. O cursed are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,  
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise  
They pressed my Harry from me, likewise my brothers three  
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany

*Note: a "rout" is the old name for a gathering of troops, i.e. a muster*